## DOBLEYS IN A STRANGE FIX SHIPWRECKED IN A NAPHTHA LAUNCH AND CAST ASHORE.

after a Hazardous Trip They Land on an Island and Are Welcomed by a Hospit-able Young Man Who Offers Them a Balloop in Which to Reach the Mainland. "I knew it would surprise you," said Mr. Dobley, as he helped his wife into the new naphtha launch; "but I thought it would be a much lessanter way of getting about in the summer

time than by way of trains." I think it perfectly delightfull" said Mrs. Dobley, examining the new blue and white striped awnings and the shining brass work with much pleasure. "Are you sure that you know how to manage it?"

"A child could manage it," said Mr. Dobley,as he took his place at the wheel. "That is the beauty of a boat like this. Some people take a man along, but it is unnecessary. Sailboats and large yachts are all very well in their way, but when it comes to getting anywhere, give

me the Terror every time." "The Terror"!" exclaimed Mrs. Dobley. It's not a very pretty name, is it?"

'No," said Dobley, as he cast off from the float with considerable flourish. "Launches are not named as people name flats or country cottages Otherwise this might be the 'Acropolis' or the 'Maplegrove.' This boat was named on ac count of its speed and it can beat anything in its class. If you will be seated here by this small brass lever you will be able to give the signals as

"Signals?" asked Mrs. Dobley, as she took the place indicated. "Signals for what?"

For other boats to get out of the way, said Mr. Dobley. "I find that by running this aunch daringly at larger craft and signalling them flercely to get out of the way that they obey as though controlled by a compelling force. small boat is content to get out of the way of the larger ones all the time, it never gets anywhere. It's very much like a small dog barking at a big one and scaring him.

How smoothly it skims over the water." said Mrs. Dobley. "Can't you make it go a little slower and we can admire the scenery on either

"This is its regular gait," said Dobley, "and I like to humor it. If it once got going slow it might get accustomed to it and refuse to travel

"What pretty flags!" said Mrs. Dobley. "What is the red lobster on the lower one for?"

"That's not a lobster." said Mr. Dobley. "It's my private signal—a soft shell crab." "What a funny idea!" said Mrs. Dobley. "Why did you choose it?' "Because everything else was picked out by

somebody else," explained Mr. Dobley. "You never know until you attempt to select a private signal how few really original ideas there are in such matters. Just blow the whistle twice, my dear, if you please."

What is that for?" asked Mrs. Dobley, as she sent two shrill toots across the water, which were answered by a faint cheer and a waving handkerchief from the bank."

"The fact is," said Dobley, "that I experienced a slight accident here one day in a storm. was alone in the launch, which was tossed about at the mercy of the waves for nearly ar hour. Drenched with spray I clung to the

"The mast?" said Mrs. Dobley. "How perfeetly awful! Where is it?" "I mean the bottom of the boat," corrected

Mr. Dobley. "I had eaten everything in the locker immediately on starting out, and there was no food on board. There was a stock of every known liquid on the ice but water. How did you ever start so carelessly pro

vided for as that," asked Mrs. Doblev. "It is a sort of a fad with the owners of narhtha launches to have no water on board. It stamps one as an amateur to have even a siphon of vichy or a bottle of mineral water. I don't know why it is. It's one of the unwritten laws of the sea. At all events, here I was, far from the land, without food or water." "What did you do?" asked Mrs. Dobley.

"What could any man do?" asked Mr. Dobley "I endeavored to assuage the flerce burning thirst that possessed me by consuming the other things."

"Yes?" said Mrs. Dobley. then knew how it felt to gaze about the trackless deep glowing in the twilight and came to me. In the aft deck were some rockets that we had used for a club celebration. Rockets, you know, are a signal of distress at sea. I sent up two. Then I found that there were half a dozen Roman candles, and I let them off.

It must have been a glorious sight from the shore.

"At that moment I heard the paddle of oars in the water. From the residence on the bank we just passed a rowboat had been sent to my rescue. The Terror was towed in to the shore and I was treated most hospitably by the old gentleman and his wife who reside there. They seemed to think me very courar sous to set off fireworks on a naj that launch. In the morning I returned home by train and sent up for the boat. But I always blow the whistle when I go by, and they answer it as you heard."

"I trust we shall have no accident to-day," said Mrs. Dobley. "I am not so fond of adventure as you are, and I confess that I feel a little nervous. Where are we bound for, by the way?"

"I find," said Mr. Dobley, " that one of the must have been a glorious sight from the

said Mrs. Dobley. "I had not so lond of adventure as you are, and I confess that I feel a little nervous. Where are we bound for, by the way?"

"I find," said Mr. Dobley, " that one of the delightful things about The Terror is that it follows the channel practically without guiding. It knows its way, so to speak, and while it feels a firm hand on the wheel, it moves with the sure step of a sea horse over the waves."

"But where does it go?" said Mrs. Dobley in some alarm. "Do you mean to say that you trust it to go where it pleases?"

"It always goes to the same place," said Mr. Dobley. "A little country inn at a delightful spot on a bend of the river. It is so accurate that I often think it is just as though it were run by a deep-sea troley wire and couldn't go out of its course if it wished to."

"How extremely peculiar!" said Mrs. Dobley, "Are we nearly there now?"

"If we keep up this remarkable rate of speed," said Mr. Dobley, "we shall be there before we know it. Hey! A vast the helm there! Steady! Whoa. Sit perfectly still and hold on tight."

A large wave from the wheel of a passing steamboat made The Terror stand on end in the water for a moment and both the Dobleys were deneched with water.

"Keep perfectly calm," said Mr. Dobley, "and without larring the boat reach beneath the seat and bring out two life preservers. Put one on and pass the other to me. Above all do not get nervous. With this sea on we may have a stormy time getting to port."

"To think I should ever wear a life preserver," sobled Mrs. Dobley, as she tied one around her, "And it doesn't it either."

"The next I shall have," said Dobley, as he put his on, "will be made with a 'V neck and chiffon shoulder straps. Life preservers, Mrs. Dobley, are not intended as a dinner oostume. They are constructed entirely for use."

"I shall never come out in this horrid old boat again," said Mrs. Dobley. "It sounds just as though it were choking. Does it always sputter like this?"

"When it makes time as it has done to-day," said Mr. Dobley, "it na

said Mr. Dobley, "it naturally expresses some exultation."

"It's beginning to wabble frightfully, too," said Mrs. Dobley. "I feel just as though it were going to—"

"Steady!" shouted Dobley, as with a sudden snort The Terror backed and then began to move in a circle.

"What is it doing now?" asked Mrs. Dobley, clasping the brass rall.

"Mere playfulness," said Dobley, with a sickly laugh. "It often acts this way."

"I do believe it's beginning to drift," said Mrs. Dobley. "Something is broken probably. We shall be dashed to pieces on some rock first thing we know."

"We seem to be making for the shore," said Mr. Dobley, peering out ahead.

"What shore?" asked Mrs. Dobley, anxously.

"It looks like an uninhabited idead," said

Mr. Dobley, peering out ahead.

"What shore?" asked Mrs. Dobley, anxously.

"It looks like an uninhabited island," said Dobley. "Luckily we have tinned foods enough to last us for a time."

"But there is no dock," said Mrs. Dobley.

"This idea of landing at a dock is all nonsense," said Mr. Dobley. "We can run easily upon the beach."

"Anything will be better than this," said Mrs. Dobley, desperately.

"Steady!" said Mr. Dobley. "Land ahead! Avast there! Haul away! Steady!"

"What on earth do you mean," asked Mrs. Dobley, "All I can do is to hold on." said Dobley, "All I can do is to hold on." That is the thing to do just now," said Dobley, grasping the side of the launch as it crashed upon a small beach of sand and pebbles, where it neath turned on its side, depositing the Dobleys in a heap on the shore.

"This is an adventure," said Dobley, as he gathered himself teacther and assisted Mrs. Dobley. "There doesn't seem to be a house or a living soul on the place."

"We have sufficient food to last us at least three days, said Mr. Dobley, "although we shall have to live principally upon sardines, I fear. There may be game on the island, however, I shall go on an investigating tour presently and see what the place has to offer. In the

meantime I think it would be a capital idea to build a fire and prepare something to eat."

"I can't eat a thing," said Mrs. Debley. "I want to know how we shall ever get home."

"Hush!" said Debley: "I hear a step in the underbrush."

"A tail, pale, studious looking young man came through the trees and confronted the Debleys.

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A tail, pale, studious looking young man came arrough the trees and confronted the Dobleys with a smile. There was something melan-holy in his expression that suggested trouble of some sort.

"Do not let me disturb you," he said gently.
"Make yourself perfectly at home."

"May I ask where we are?" said Mr. Dobley.
"My wife and I have been cast ashore from our boat, which is a wreck as you see."

"This is my private island," said the young man. "I own it."

"I hope you will perden us for the said the said the young was the said the young man.

man. "I own it."

"I hope you will pardon us for treepassing,"
said Mrs. Dobley. "We had no intention of
coming here. Can you tell us how we will be
able to get to the city from here?"

"I fear you will have to remain several weeks
as my guests." said the young man; "the balion that I use in getting to the main land is
being repaired."

"Balloon." said both the Dobleys at once in
great surprise.

"Yes," said the young man carelessly. "I have the finest balloon in the world and a collection of flying machines that are incomparable. Would you like to take a fly about parable. Would you like to take a fly about the island?"

"Oh thank you very much, "said Mrs, Dobley, but we have been so shaken up to-day. We were just about to get some luncheon. Wont you join us?"

"With pleasure," said the young man politely. "I have not tasted any food but raw fish for weeks."

weeks."
"Raw fish!" exclaimed Mrs. Dobley: "what a dreadful thing! But of course if you like it that "We have some sardines," said Mr. Dobley, diving in the locker of the wrocked launch," and some biscuit and tinned things if you care..."

"and some biscuit and tining things and care—"

"Have you any canned terrapin?" asked the young man. "I love it with mayonnaise. And just a few capers—and a suspicion of cloves. I used to live on it before I took to raw fish."

Mrs. Dobley hastily made a sandwich of crackers and sardines and handed it to the young man who ate it daintily. While his language was peculiar his manner was simple and charming.

and charming.
"You have a beautiful estate here," said Mr. "You have a beautiful estate here," said Mr. Dobley; "so picturesque and wild."
"Yes, "it is pleasant to pursue my studies and my wonderful inventions here," said the young man, "I am perfecting some airships that work with a pneumatic brake attachment. I will show it to you when we go up to the laboratory.
"You are very kind," said Mrs. Dobley, "but I feel quite alarmed about getting home tonight. We certainly must get a boat."
"The only kind of boats on this island are air ships," said the young man, "but you must remain as my guests. My house is large. There are eighty rooms, I think."
"Remarkable!" said Mr. Dobley, handing the young man another sandwich. He seemed to like them, having consumed five in a few moments.

like them, having consumed five in a few moment.

"Have you ever thought," he said suddenly, "of what a brake on an air ship means to science?"

"No," said Mr. Dobley. "I have never thought much about them.

"Wait till you see my pneumatic brake," said the young man, "and you will be convinced."

"I have no doubt I shall." said Mr. Dobley.

"Is the house far from here?"

"Just a few steps," said the young man, taking another sandwich. "I will ask you to allow me to introduce you both as old friends of mine.

May !?

"Why—certainly!" said Mrs. Dobley, amazed.

"They ask so many questions," he went on, apologetically.

"Yes," said Mrs. Dobley. She was becoming more mystified every minute. There was some strange adventure in store for them, she felt sure.

"Hark" said the young man. "I hear my

sure.
"Hark," said the young man. "I hear my friend the Duke coming. You will like him, I

friend the Duke coming. You will like him, I am sure."

Another man came up to the Dobleys' impromptu picnic group and looked curiously at them.

"My friend the Duke," said the young man. "Allow me to present my old friends Lord and Lady——"I've been hunting for you for the last ten minutes," said the newcomer. "I was afraid you had fallen in."

"We have been unconscious trespassers on this gentleman's property," said Mr. Dobley, but he has made us welcome."

"I'll have another of those sandwiches, please," said the young man, pleasantly, to Dobley.

"With pleasure." said Mr. Dobley.

"Are you patiente?" asked the newcomer.

"Are you patients?" asked the newcomer.
"Patients?" asid the Dobleys.
"Yes," said the new man. "Don't you know where you are?"
"We were washed ashore." bagan Dobley.

where you are?"
"We were washed ashore," began Dobley, and net this gentleman—by accident,"
"Well," said the man." You're on the grounds of a private lunatic asylum and this is one of the stars—your friend here." He indicated the pale young man. "I'm his nurse."
"Great Scotti" said Dobley.
"How can we get home," asked Mrs. Dobley nervously.

nervously.

"Just come along with me and I'll show you the road that leads to the entrance," said the nurse. "But you'll have to get a pass at the office first or you can't get by the man at the rote." gate."
I was just going to take them up to see the airships," said the young man, "and the pneumatic brake. Do you think the balloon could be patched up sufficiently to take them away?"

Red Beak Jim emptied his flagon thoughtfully. "World say what we can do" said the nurse."

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"World say what we can do " said the nurse."

"To the many of the say what we can do " said the nurse."

winking at the Dobleys, who followed him up the path with his patient.
"Of all the strange things" said Mrs. Dobley; "to think we should be walking into a lunatic asylum with life preservers on! I shouldn't be a bit surprised if they refused to let us out!"
"Well," said Dobley philosophically; "it's better than being shipwrecked on a desert island, anyhow."

HOUMA LAND LITIGATION.

Another Step in the Troubles Over Some Old

Indian Lands in Louisiana. NEW ORLEANS, June 23 .- After a quiet of several years the Houma land grant has again come to the front to occupy the attention of the United States courts. Probably no public lands in the country have given the United States more trouble than those of the Houma Indians. There have been more larguits over them, conspiracles, riots and disturbances than over any other part of the Federal domain. The question has frequently figured in local politics and more than once has obtruded itself on Congress. The Houma Indians occupied a considerable part of south Louisiana when the French landed there. There was a Houma village on the present site of New Orleans. The Indians were quiet and peaceable; they gave the whites no trouble. In consequence the whites had a great deal of trouble themselves. The Indians were gradually crowded out of all the fertile lands they owned, and took refuge in the swamps on both

owned, and took refuge in the swamps on both sides of the Amite River in Livingston and Ascension parlishes.

In 1829 the tribe became totally extinct and the lands were thrown open by the Government to settlement. It was found, however, that there were old French and Spanish claims to them—for the Spanish piled their claims three or four thick on every acre of land in southern Louisiana. An attempt was made to oust the squatters in Livingston Parish, but they proved

cor four thick on every acre of land in southern Louisiana. An attempt was made to oust the squatters in Livingston Parish, but they proved a rather lawless lot, and as everybody in that section was a squatter the matter was finally settled by perfecting their titles.

There was the sume trouble in Ascension Parish. The Government opened the land to public settlement in 1820, and again in 1885. Quite a number of entries were made in the latter year, but when those who had entered the land attempted to take possession of their property they found it already occupied by squatters, both white and black who had held it for several generations without the slightest title. This brought up the old Livingston trouble. The squatters refused to leave, and threatened to resent any attempt at dispossession. After much parleying a compromise was finally reached whereby the squatters agreed to pay a certain sum of money, either in lump or in installment, provided they were left in their possession.

But again in 1897 the United States Land Office threw these lands open to entry for the third time and many entries were made. The occupants of the lands, squatters and others, began a new mode of war. They declared that they were being pestered by land speculators, that the entries were fraudulent and not in good faith and intended to milk and fleece them; and they organized a committee of Ascension Parish" to investigate the matter and see who were the men instrumental in getting up these land entries. The committee devoted much time and attention to this matter and reported that the entry scheme was being worked from New Orleans, lands being fraudently entered there, compelling the occupants of these lands to buy them from those who got titles through the United States Land Office. The case, which has been a long one, in which the whole history of land grants in Louisian from the earliest days has been gone over, has resulted, to the surprise of many, in a conviction of W. H. Wright of New Orleans and A. S. Cornet and R. H. Co

That Kinley Mack Was Going to Win-The Event at the Track That Upset All Calculations—Glory of Red Beak Jim. "We'll get Red Beak Jim to hike us down in his caloosh," said the main guy of the four The four were job holders in one of the city departments, and they were talking about ways and means of reaching the Sheepshead track for the Suburban.

"Good thing," said the three others. on and ask Jimmy for a figure, down and back, for the bunch. Hey, and don't let him dicker you out o' your gilt teeth. Jimmy's a robber." So the main guy of the four sprinted after Red Beak Jim. He found him with the major portion of his countenance immersed in the collarette of an open-faced malt magnum. "Hey, Jim," said the main guy, "hitch 'em

up and bring 'em around about noon. Down the Bay and back. There's four of us. What d'ye say to the note for \$10 for the job? Red Beak Jim removed the mammoth piece glassware from his face long enough to remark:

"Nothin' doin'." "Ain't, hey?" said the main guy. "The old saloosh's fallen apart at last, hey?" Red Beak Jim set the beer glass down and

wiped off his mouth with the back of his coat-"It'll be jugglin' around when you're yelling for ice at any old price a hunnered," said he.

Nope, I'm 'ngaged f'r th' Bay." "Say, you've got your fingers crossed or your suspenders," said the main guy. "Give you fifteen for the job." "Goin' t' take three down," said Red Beak

"Ten a head. Sorry I didn't ask 'em fifteen. Trucks is chargin' ten a head." "Ten a head, hey," said the main guy, sarcastically. "What in, zine money? Hey, pull around, Jim, or you'll lose a wheel. Ten a head? Get away with that hasheesh. Give

us a figure." "You've got it," replied Red Beak Jim. "Ten per, round trip. I'm a good thing at that. But I'm 'ngaged."

"So's me little sister," said the main guy. 'All right, work your edge. What's ten a head to us, at that? Hey, we got the baby to-day Jim, and you want to put some braces under that old caloosh. We'll have two ton o' money coming back. Bring 'er around, then, at noon Say, you ought to get a pair o' knucks and a sand bag. You're too good on the clutch to push a caloosh around. Have 'er there prompt

"Sure," said Red Beak Jim, and he was there at noon, all right, with the hack all varnished up and dusted off, and the pair looking fit to reel off a mile in five minutes, on the bit. The four were inside, stirring their pieces of ice around with the spoons, when Red Beak Jim pulled up. He jumped off the seat and stuck

"At the pump, gents," said he. They yanked him in to have one before the tart, and they all got him over into the dark corner. Then the main guy addressed him. "Jim," said the main guy, "we're handing this to you because you're all right-from the heels down. On the level, though, Jim, we pass this along to you because it's right. It's prepared. It's a nightingale in the woods, and it'll be singing when all the rest of 'em are still trying to find out where the wire is. Horse of the century? Nix. Not for these little Willies. The black, let 'er sleep wonder? Not. We stay out there. The Whitney thing with the Frenchy name? Hoot, mon. Pass this squad by. Nope. We got it right, Jimmy. And we're handing you the forty bucks now so's you can plant it right. Here's the forty—and you can plant it right. Here's the forty—and say, you want to remember that you're paid, see? Well, you get over the fence somehow—let a kid take care o' your two goats and the caloosh—and you put the whole forty on kinley Mack. See? Got that chalked? You put the forty on Kinley Mack, and part o' the two ton o' gilt we'll have on the come-back 'll belong to you. Kinley Mack's going to stand 'em all on their heads and twist 'em round. Don't say we didn't put you next. Uneeda win. Well, you win. Nothing to it. Kinley Mack. Ain't that right, you ducks?"

"That's right, all right," said the other three, all together.

They made a bun o' me before you people was through playin' jacks. They can run f'r Hogan. These"—salting away the two twenties the main guy had handed him—"will do f'r me. I don't want t' git rich fast, nohow. I'd booze meself foolish. Much 'bliged, gents, but I can't see no kinley Macks or Billy Bryans, f'r that matter, wit' a spy-glass."

"All right," said the main guy, disgustedly. 'But when the ring's around kinley Mack, and they're paying off the wise people on him, you want to muffle the bleats you il have coming, see? Don't say we never dished you up a hot one. You're a sport, Jimmy and so's a tadpole. You'll never but in among the first six. All right. Come on, you people."

They clinked the pleces of ice against the sides of their rilasses once more, and then they climbed linto the hack and were away in a row, to a good start.

At each of the seven places at which they stopped for ice, with trimmings, on the way down to the Bay, they announced to friends that they met that it was only going to be a one horse race.

"Run on a fast track, hey?" said the main guy to everybody he knew at the stops. 'Say, that's his graft. That's his main plant. A race-horse can run on any old kind of a track. Say, you get tied up with this horse of the century business and you snoke stogies for a few months. Ethelbert the horse of the century hay? Say, die ever happen to hear of Salvator and Tenny and Hanover and Lamplighter and Henry of Navarre and Sir Walter and Eaceland and and Hanburg and a few old two-dollar mutts like that? Did, hey? Well, say, do they but in? Say, Hamburg could've run backward as fast as this horse of the century that you people have all got the bug about. Kinley Mack! Kinley Mack! Hoy, fellers?"

"Thash ri' said the other three, and then they climbed into the hack again.

"Jim," said he, 'how about taking our steer, hey? This is the good thing of the lour, still mindful of his duty toward struggling fellow men, made a final appeal to Red Beak Jim.

"Thought you'd get on, anyhow, hey?" said the mai

a horsemen he knew. The horseman was chewing a straw. He looked very wise.

"Cashed yet on Imp?" the horseman asked the main guy.

"Hey?" asked the latter, bending his ear.

"Only a canter for that one," said the horseman, in a low tone, temporarily removing the straw from his race. "Just a little exercise gallop for the black fillty."

"Say, is that right?" inquired the main guy. "Surest thing you know," said the horseman. "She'll give 'em all a fifty-pound beating or I don't know a hoef from a currycomb. I'm only spinning this along to the people I've got some use for. That's the reason I dip it up for you.

"But, say," whispered the main guy of the four, "I got it straight as a ramrod on Kinley Mack."

The horseman smiled benignly.

"On this track? said he. "That one wouldn't beat a fat man on this track. He wants slop and slush. I'm only telling you, that's all. You splurge on Imp, and it'll be all yours."

"I always was stuck on that darned old mare, anvhow," mused the main guy of the four, as he walked off in search of the other three. "She sure can rip the air when she's ripe. Got a thunder of a notion to switch to her at that. That fellow ought to know. He's been handling 'em long enough. Kinley Mack only a mudder, hev? Had kind of a hunch that way myself, but I didn't want to own up. Last week, before I got this Kinley Mack thing, I was sure going to play Imp, and I'd feel like a nickel's worth of lard if she'd go out and spread-eagle 'em, now that I've got this Kinley Mack thing, I was sure going to play Imp, and I'd feel like a nickel's worth of lard if she'd go out and spread-eagle 'em, now that I've got this Kinley Mack thing, I was sure going to play Imp, and I'd feel like a nickel's worth of lard if she'd go out and spread-eagle 'em, now that I've got this Kinley Mack thing, I was sure going to play Imp, and I'd feel like a nickel's worth of lard if she'd go out and spread-eagle 'em, now that I've got this Kinley Mack thing, I

when the main guy told them what the horse-man had said. They'd always liked Imp, anyhow.

Their four fifty-dollar notes went on Imp straight, when the slates went up. They all stood together and rooted for the black mare when the horses got off. When Kinley Mack romped in, an easy winner, they didn't say anything at all. They didn't even look at one another. They avoided one another's gaze, thrust their hands deep into their pockets and studied the jockeys as they dismounted. When the first numbress had passed the main guy of the four led them to the bar and they drank the longest one of the day in silence. They looked into their glasses as they twiddled their spoons, but they didn't look at one another.

dled their spoons, but they didn't look at one another.

There was \$17 still left among the four—not enough for any sort of celebration or doings when they got back to town. So the main guy gathered up the \$17 in silence and put it all on a horse at 10 to 1 in the fifth race, with the idea of running the shoestring into a tannery. The 10 to 1 shot was never in the hunt at any stage of it, and they were all out. Silentiy they wended their way out of the gate.

Red Beak Jim was sitting on the seat of the hack, with his legs crossed, smoking a pipe. He looked interested when the four came along-side.

He looked interested when the four came alongside.

"Youse people must have all kinds," said he.
They climbed into the hack without a word.
"D'je play that one?" inquired Red Beak
Jim, picking up the lines.

"Ask me aunt," growled the main guy.
Red Beak Jim clucked at the horses, and they
moved off in good style.
The hackman pulled the horses up alongside the step in front of the first roadhouse.
"Hey, don't get too glad all of a sudden,"
growled the main guy to Red Beak Jim. "Who
told you to do that?"
Red Beak Jim disposed of the lines and
stepped down without making any reply, while
the four watched him gloomily. Then he
grinned, hoisted up the right-hand front flap
of his livery cost, dug into his right-hand troussers pocket, and pulled out a wad about the
size of a healthy cantaleupe.

"I'll ask youse gents to split a couple o' quarts

"I'll ask youse gents to split a couple o' quarts on me," said Red Beak Jim. "I got 8 to 1 f'r me forty." gazed at him and his wad with their jaws dropping.
"Did you play Kinley Mack?" they gurgled in unison.

"That's the one youse people said, ain't it?"
Inquired Red Beak Jim. "I t'ought I'd take
a little flyer on him, jes' f'r luck."

COUNTRY STATESMANSHIP.

How Blank County People Live and Let Live -Punishing a Confessed Forger.

Statesmen in Washington and in London not to speak of a dozen other capitals, may pride and plume themselves on their diplomacy and finesse; but it takes a country politician to develop real statesmanship. Down in Blank the capital of Blank county, they've developed statesmanship until it's almost genius. Here are some instances of this genius or statesmanship. After you've read them you can decide which it is.

There are only eighty voters in the county town. All of them live off the taxes. Yet the taxes amount to only about \$800 a year. The way they do it shows how far ahead the good. honest countryman is of the evil, wicked city man. By the way, remember here that the countryman who comes to buy green goods always intends to swindle his near friends at home. Recalling that will help you to understand how the people live.

The local taxes amount to about \$800 a year, collected mostly from New Yorkers who own hunting tracts in the county. But from the State comes perhaps \$7,500, to be devoted to various uses. Now, Reuben Glendower, a good American, whose fathers have been Americans for two centuries, who is an A. P. A. and a Know Nothing of the worst sort, gets a contract to repair the roads of the county for \$1,200. He hires Simon Peters, the Justice of the Peace, and George W. Frisbie and T. Jefferson Woodbury, the Supervisors, both of whom are also old Americans, to do the work. They do about three day's work. The contractor, who may be the Postmaster, puts in a bill for \$1,200—so many days' work at so much a day. The bill is audited by the Supervisors and the Justice of the Peace. Each of them get, say, \$100, for his three days' work; the contractor gets the rest.

The road? There's only one in the county, across one end; and the soil is sandy, so that the bed dries quickly after rain. Beaides, no one uses the road except natives, and it's better for them as it is.

That's not bad for country statesmanship; but this is better. Dave—never mind his last name—Dave forged a friend's name, and the worst of it was, the forgery got out. No, that wasn't the worst of it: "Dave got the money—of course a fellow doesn't forge for the fun of it—and then he goes an' gets drunk on it. 'Course he couldn't deny it!"

The friends of both parties met and talked the matter over.

"Dave hadn't ought ha' done it, "was the gencontract to repair the roads of the county

The friends of both parties met and talked the matter over.

"Dave hadn't ought ha' done it," was the general opinion. "Leastways, he shouldn't ha' been caucht. But then, Dave, he allus was a poor, no-account feller—not 'sponsible really."

The aggrieved friend met Dave's representative half way. He didn't want to make trouble, 'specially agin Dave—he'd always liked Dave; liked him now, i' th' matter o' that. He hadn't no grudge agin him. But he couldn't afford to lose the money.

"But if ye put Dave in th' jail ye wont get no money."

no money."
"No? That so?"
"Yeah! Hev to sue him 'n a civil court."
"Then Dave'll get two doses for bein' sick

"Then Dave'll get two doses for bein' sick once?"

"Yep. Jail fust, an' after jail th' creditor."

"Huh!"

When they heard that, Dave's representatives were satisfied. Then they sprung their diplomatic suggestion. There was some discussion, but the upshot was that Dave ran for Sheriff the next election, was elected, and urns over to his friend all the emoluments of his office, except the few dollars that are required to keep him in funds as a Sheriff.

If you suggest to one of the citizens that there is something strange in placing a forger at the head of the executive department of the county, he'll say: "Sho! what's the odds? Jail ain't no place for Dave', sides, Bill needed the money, an' Dave'd never have paid him if he'd had to go to jail.

"Say, an' Dave's a fu'st class Sheriff, too!"

'Say, an' Dave's a fu'st class Sheriff, too!"

He Says That With a Fair Breeze He Has Often Made Eighteen Miles an Hour.

From the Kansas City Journal. Daniel W. Mendenhall of 2631 Elma street is an old man of 70 odd, and one would not suppose, to see him walking slowly along the street, that he is in slined to be fast. But he gave a mounted policeman one of the hardest races of his life a few days ago, and the copper's fleet horse was winded and its flanks flecked with foam when the pursuer finally overtook the fleer. Mendenhall was not on horseback, either. He was not even in an automobile or

on a bicycle. He was in a horseless carriage propelled by wind. It was out on Gladstone boulevard early in the morning that the mounted policeman was riding slowly along, saluting the servant girls riding slowly along, saluting the servant girls and other early risers. Not a vehicle was in sight and the officer was congratulating himself on a quiet beat, when all of a sudden he heard a queer humming sound behind him. He barely had time to turn out of the road when what appeared to him like an airship on wheels went flying by, the wheels barely touching the ground. There was a breezy sort of a whizz, a brief glimpse of an old man with a couple of rudder-like levers in his hand, a whirr like the spinning of a top, a buzz like the bumble bee's—and the fleet old gentleman had flashed by in the twinkling of an eye. The officer raised himself in his stirrups and gazed between his horse's ears. Was it a dream? No. There were the sails fast receding: now it was turning the bend in the boulevard and rolling up the hill toward the Scarritt Hospital.

Recovering from his momentary daze, the copper stuck spurs into his horse, tapped him with his club, and gave chase with all his might. There was the clatter of hoofs and the quick, heavy breathing of a horse that wakened the boulevard residents and made them think they had been dreaming of Phil Sheridan's ride. On rode the officer Forward sped the flying machine. But it was an uphill race and the horse began to gain. The old man looked back and apprehension of arrest at once seized him. He put on every inch of sail his good ship would carry. But still the panting policeman gained, and finally called to him:

"Don't be afraid, old man. I'm not going to kill you. I just wanted to see what sort of a thing that is you're riding on."

Mendenhall stopped and the officer pulled up. The machine proved to be a queer-looking four-wheeled carriage by hand force. As soon as a start was got by working these levers up and down, the wind did the rest.

"I've made eighteen miles an hour with her often," said Mendenhall. "I frequently come out on the boulevard for a spin. It's easy to work, A child or a lady could run it. Yes, it's my own invention. I expect to make a fortune out of i and other early risers. Not a vehicle was in

ocked in a Room in an Old Virginia Country House With a Mysterious and Alarming Creature-The Long Walk That Turned Her Hair White and Brought Brain Fever. "It is said," remarked the old doctor, "that person can't live and retain his senses in a state of blind, animal terror for more than a very few minutes at a time. Either Nature will take refuge in her cyclone cellar, unconsciousness, and the person will faint; or the brain tension will get beyond the snapping point and he will become insane; or the heart will collapse under the strain, and death will follow. Or any two, or all, of these things may occur at once. So say the authorities I was of the same opinion once, but I've known better for a good many years, although I've never seen a second case to disprove the rule Did it ever occur to you, when some longstanding record of courage or endurance, or the ability to bear pain has been broken, how often it is a woman that breaks it?

"This was a young woman, a New England chool teacher by the name of Mildred Wicks. She had been invited to pay a visit to two elderly maiden aunts who lived on the outskirts of an old town in the central part of Virginia, where I began the practice of medicine. The louse was one of those three-storied Southern colonial structures with broad verandas, and fluted columns the entire height of the front. From the left, in the rear, there extended a considerable wing which, in some former period of prosperity, had been given over to guest chambers, but which now for years had been little used.

"By some misunderstanding the young voman arrived just a week earlier than she was expected, to find her aunt's house in the midst of preparatory housecleaning. It consequently became necessary, until a room in the main part of the house could be prepared for her to put her in one of the wing chambers, and in one of these, on the third floor, she was duly installed. It was one of those enormous, highstudded rooms that have entirely gone out of fashion nowadays, even in large houses. There was a great fireplace in it and solid mahogany furniture of a sombre, old-fashloned type.

"The elderly aunts were somewhat apprehensive lest the remoteness and long disuse of the chamber might cause their niece some uneasiness, but she was a healthy young person not given to nervousness, and scoffed at the idea. It was arranged, nevertheless, that the housekeeper who ordinarily slept in the main division of the house, should occupy, for that night, a chamber adjoining the visitor's for the sake of company.

"At bedtime, however, an unexpected difficulty arose. It was suddenly remembered that the keys to both the young woman's and the housekeeper's chamber had been missing for a number of years, and that the doors were also unprovided with inside bolts. The only duplicate keys were on the housekeeper's bunch held together by a solid brass ring from which they could be removed only by breaking or filing the brass ring. Leaving the young woman's door entirely unsecured was, of course, not to be thought of. The house keeper finally proposed that she should lock the door for the night from the outside, taking the keys with her into her own room and unlocking it again early in the morning. The windows of the chamber being three stories from the ground there was no possiblity of intrusion from that source, and should the housekeeper's presence be needed at any time during the night it needed only a few vigorous raps on the wall to summon her. woman found no objection to this plan, and the housekeeper, after bidding her good night, wentout and locked the door after her.

"Left to herself, the young woman, tired from her journey, lost no time in undressing and getting into bed, and once in bed it was very few moments until she was sound asleep. very few moments until she was sound asleep. The next she knew she found herself sitting up wide awake staring out into the room. How long she had been asleep she could not tell; hours, she thought, since there had been no moon when she had gone to bed, and it now shone in her window from well up in the sky.

"Then with a start it came to her that she had not awakened naturally; that there had been some sort of a noise. She peered around the room but could see nothing alarming, and. been some sort of a noise. She peer the room but could see nothing alarm

the room but count see nothing alarming, and, save for the sound of insects, the night was a quiet as the grave. So finally she lay down acain the process of the process o

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one of the chambers and hidden in the great fireplace, and gone to sleep. The light of the young woman's candle that night had roused him, and his journeys round the wall was mere animal instinct searching for an exit.

"They called for him the same morning, and I saw the poor devil when they found him lying up there in the room. It is a solemn fact that his canices projected an inch below his upper lip. He didn't have on enough rags to cover the backs of a man's two hands, and his hair and beard and skin had been indescribably misused, and the poor wretch was in the last stages of consumption. But his night's adventure proved not such a bad thing for him, for he died two weeks later is comparative comfort. But the manager of that poor-farm had ho such easy exit from the troubles which overtook him."

THE RABBITS OF AUSTRALIA. At First They Were a Pair, Then a Pest, and

From the Chicago Daily News.

MELBOURNE, May 1 .- About forty years ago a pair of rabbits was brought to Australia and turned loose on a farm about fifty miles from Melbourne. In an incredibly short time they multiplied to such an extent that they became a pest. The rabbits spread in millions over the western and northern areas of Victoria. They invaded New South Wales and pressed on, still increasing, a thousand miles northward into Queensland.

The western part of Victoria, once called Australia Felix, embraces some of the richest soil on earth. It was a paradise for the rabbits, who soon made it a desert. The grass began to disappear. Every green blade and shrub was swept away as by fire. The settlers saw their cattle and sheep starving, but were helpless. The substantial stone fences round the farms were harbors for the imported plague, and they were reluctantly torn down. fencing, with rabbit-proof netting carried well below the ground, was substituted. Then this innocent creature took to climbing the fences and displayed marvellous gymnastic ability in its endeavors to get at the crops. All means of destroying the rabbits proved

neffectual. Shooting only served to make them flourish, as it killed out enough of the colonies to leave more food for the remainder. Dogs and beaters were tried. Rabbit drives were instituted. Thousands were killed in every battue, but still the rabbits increased. Poisoned wheat served for a time, but led by instinct the rabbits at last refused the doctored grain. Poisoned carrots could

the doctored grain. Poisoned carrots could not be resisted until wisdom again taught the rabbit that to eat was to die. Then nothing would induce him to look at a carrot. Arsenie and apples brought a like experimee. Yet despite their cumning instinct and experience, the rabbits were slowly beaten back from point to point. Every hole and crevice that could offer the least shelter was blocked up. The wire-netted fences were constantly guarded. Men and dogs were everywhere on the watch to hunt to death every stray rabbit. So bitter was the fight that the rabbit came to be regarded with feelings of greater horror than those with which the average Australian now regards the bubonic plague.

Beaten in the west, the rabbits invaded the north and northeast. Here they found a coun-

than those with which the average Australian now regards the bubonic plazue.

Beaten in the west, the rabbits invaded the north and northeast. Here they found a country suited to their habits. They increased and multiplied until they came to hold mendogs and guns in contempt. Sometimes the trains were delayed through having run into hordes of the vermin. Despairing and beaten, the settlers invoked the aid of the State. Meanwhile the rabbits had swept on to the Malle country, the home of the dingo and outlawed cattle. Its sandy soil and dry, warm climate suited the bunnies. They ate it bare. It was possible to travel hundreds of miles without seeing a blade of grass. Here they ruligd as lords until Mr. Lascelles, one of the owners of this tract, discovered that it would grow wheat. He determined to do so.

His first step was a crusade against the rabbits Inclosing an enormous space with rabbit-proof and cattle-proof netting, he began a war on the rabbits that ended in their destruction. Poisoned water was one of his favorite and most successful agents. All the tanks and water holes in his dry land are fenced like fortresses with the strongest of wire nettings and barbs. The wild cattle, when summer has dried up the natural sources of supply, drop dead around them in their frantic efforts to reach the precious water; the rabbits fall by thousands at the base of the impregnable barriers.

The poisoned troughs are then resorted to, and the number of rabbits destroyed in this way is almost incredible. From one colony to another the pest spread. The most rigorous laws were enacted against it, and ultimately its numbers were reduced to reasonable limits. Now the refrigerator and the preserving can are in use, and the shipment of rabbits to England every year by these means has attained enormous popportions. Last year 3,421,220 rabbits were shipped. The cash returns were 844,475. A great rabbit industry has been built up, and where formerly the creature was a source of loss and expense, it now affords a profitable busi

on the back and on the head of the animals. I have seen them many a time cleaning the ears of the animals from the wood ticks. The horses know their little friends and allow themselves with much satisfaction to be relieved from the insect pest.

"Not long ago—it was in the time of the Final Revolution—one morning about sunrises I stood with Mr. Bartolome Gonzales, the Governor of the District of Paez, who during the revolution was my guest, on the shore of the lake-under the cocoa paim trees of my house watching the gunboats of the Castro party creering up under the opposite shore, when we noticed a flock of pelicans come over our heads, flying low and one old big bird landed in the water not flitty feet from where we stood. He seemed very old and tired.

"While we watched the bird we heard the chirping of small birds and were astonished to see two pairs of the green insectivorous birds emerge from between the wings of the large bird and fly lustily to the shore, where we found them later sitting among the horses, catching insects. The old pelican rose from the water and followed his flock when they left him.

"This class of insect-eating birds are called "Garrapateros." That they cannot fly for any length of time is well known. I conversed with Gen. Bernado Finedo Velasco, at that time also my guest, and he as well as Gov. Bartolome Gonzales affirmed the truth of the theory that these birds take their passage on the back of a stronger bird and said that they had often observed it on their large estates in the cattleraising section of the coast. I give you here my personal observation on which you can rety. It may be of interest to clear this often disputed point.

SMALL BASEBALL CROWDS

SOME REASONS WHY THE ATTEND

ANCE IS FALLING OFF Situation in Brooklyn a Puzzle-New York's Slump One of the Causes-Rowdyism and Quarrels of the Magnates Have Consider-

able to Do With the Lack of Interest. Several of the National League magnates have recently expressed surprise at the poor attendance in various cities of the new eight-club circuit and have also attempted to give reasons for the unexpected slump. One of them believes that the twelve-club league should not have been abolished, while another declares that the apparent superiority of the Brooklyns and Philadelphians over the other teams has helped to kill the interest. While these causes may be at the bottom of the trouble there are many others that loom up when the situation is gone over with care. A baseball man of experience, who has made a study of the situation year in

and year out, outlined matters for THE SUN the other day in the following convincing manner: "The magnates are almost solely to blame for the falling off in attendance all over the country. In the first place they showed their hands last winter when the yielded to the demands of Freedman and openly stated that they did so in order to have the gate receipts boomed in New York. Then Freedman wouldn's strengthen the New Yorks, and the interest in this city fell flat-so flat, in fact, that the attendance over in Brooklyn, where real championship ball is being played, has been seriously affected. The expressed desire on the part of the magnates to get the public's money by hook or crook has in a measure disgusted patrons of the game, who remember the days when the money end was never visible to the naked eye. The mercenary policy of some magnates. coupled with the failure of the New Yorks to get into a winning stride after the promises made by Freedman, can be ascribed as two

of the reasons why the game has gone to the

dogs in Greater New York.

"The case of the Brooklyn club. however, is attracting more attention than any other. The club has put up big money for a winner and to-day has the best ball team in the League. together with the best team manager, and yet the crowds are nothing when compared to those of other cities. Brooklyn was a great ball town in the American Association when 25 and 50 cents were the prevailing prices. Many baseball sharps think that those prices should be restored instead of continuing with the present figures, 25, 50 and 75 cents. This may be a reason for the slump, and it may not. Then, again, fault is found with the location of the various stands. The 25-cent stand is directly back of first base, a most desirable place to see the game. A fifty-cent stand is next to it, adjoining the grand stand, and is ver occupied. Another far beyond third base and bordering on the left field foul line, is also a blank space during almost every game. Both stands are uncovered and are not so desirable in point of vantage as the stand for twenty-five cent patrons. The grand stand patronage at 75 cents is nothing when that of other cities is considered. The management of the Brooklyn club refuses to believe that the prices have anything to do

with the lack of attendance, but they are at sea when trying to solve the problem. "The people of Brooklyn have not warmed to Hanlon's men because, perhaps, they were too suddenly transferred to Washington Park for money-making purposes. The pennant was won last year without much hurrah business and the crowds so far this season have not been

so large as last.
"I have heard it said that the location of Washington Park is partially responsible for the poor patronage. But the ground is contiguous to the old Washington Park, where twelve years ago the games were witnessed by thousands. That something is radically wrong over in Brooklyn there can be no doubt, bus

thereach the preserved the impression to the low distance of the impression tharries.

The poleoned troughts are then reserved to another the post spread. The most ricorous tawn is almost therefolds. From one colony to another the pest spread. The most ricorous tawn were exceeded against than dulimately to another the pest spread. The most ricorous tawn were the pest spread and the preserving can are in use and the shirment of rabbits to English the same than the same than